THE STAR

REYNOLDSVILLE -- PENNA.

TWICE USED MANUSCRIPTS

Original Writing on Palimpsests Is Now Deciphered in Europe by the Aid of Photography.

Before the days of books, parchments became so costly that economical scholars erased more or less perfectly what had been written, and used them a second time. In this manner some highly interesting and valuable manuscripts have been lost to the world. But in many cases the ancient characters are still faintly visible. Twice used manuscripts are called palimpsests, and many modern scholars have strained thier eyes in the effort to decipher the original writing.

Of late years photography has been successfully applied in Germany and France for this work. The color of the faded ink of the older writing on a palimpsest is yellow. A photograph of such a manuscript was made through a yellow screen. The result was a negative on which the old writing was barely discernible, being a little darker than the background, while the later black writing was found to appear distinctly as white letters.

Next an ordinary negative on a bromide plate was made, and from this was produced a transparent positive on which both writings appeared dark and about equally distinct. Then the transparency was superimposed on the first negative, so that the dark letters of the later writing covered the light letters, representing the same writing in the negative. They were thus eliminated, being indistinguishably merged with the general dark background produced by the combination of positive and negative. But the earlier characters, since they were dark in both cases, appeared in the combination intensely black and distinct.

Missionary Life on the Congo.

Father Oomen returned from the conference in Stanleyville and said I should go with him and thus make my first journey. We started on July 30. In the evening our piroque was upset by two hippopotami. We could not take our iron boat, for we had no paddlers left. Owing to lack of means we had to dismiss nearly all our workmen. Three men who were with us in our light boat were drowned. Had we been able to use our iron boat this would not have happened. We were saved, but nearly everything was lost. Only a case with church requisites was found, but all were spoiled except my chalice. Our lives were saved through the care of our catechist and some good swimmers. We passed the night on an island.

Happily I had a bottle of quinine in my pocket and this saved us from fever. Fortunately we found a dry spot, but we could not find any means of making fire. I lost almost all the outfit I got on leaving Mill Hill and a mosquito net which Mill Hill could not afford and which I bought myself. The canteen of Father Meyers and his portable bed are also lying at the bottom of the river. I want almost every article of clothing, since they were lost or given by me to Father Meyers, whose outfit was worn out years ago.—Father van de Seyp, in the Tablet.

Picks His Stamp.

Dinny walked into a postoffice one day and told the clerk he would like to see some stamps.

"What stamps do you want?" asked the clerk.

"Well," says Dinny, "let me see something in red."

The clerk pulled out several large sheets of two-cent stamps and turned to Dinny, asking "How many?" Dinny leaned over the desk, took hold of several sheets, compared them, took them out to the front door, where there was more light, and then, handing the sheets back to the clerk, pointed to a stamp about as near to the center of the sheet as it could be, and said:

"I'll take that one!"

Deserving of Promotion.

Sol Sage, superintendent of transportation, recently recommended a man in the Lake Shore's employ for an increase in pay. Mr. Gage and this employe engaged in some correspondence over a technical detail of some transportation regulation. In reply to Mr. Gage's third letter this letter came:

"Instead of clarifying the situation, your letter of yesterday serves rather to obfuscate it."

"Any servant of a great corporation who can use the word 'obfuscate,' and use it right, deserves more than $60 a month, and I am going to see that he gets it," says Mr. Gage.—Cleveland Leader.

Homesick.

"Gee, Si, but I wuz homesick when I went to th' city!"

"Gosh! Was yer? How homesick?"

"Well, I stood on th' corner till I seen a car marked 'To the Barn' an', by gum, I took it."—Cleveland Leader.

A Suggestive Name.

"Why did you name your yacht Rumor?"

"Because I wanted something about her which would be sure to keep her afloat."

The King of Birds in its Native Wilds

A GOLDEN EAGLE NEAR ITS EYRIE

EVEN in earliest times the Eagle was known as the king of birds, and this proud title has rightly clung to him throughout the ages. He is a true king, and indeed would seem aware of his exalted position. He is seen at his best perched upon some prominent rock where he scans the corrie below with stern and noble gaze, or sailing on motionless wings in the teeth of a gale. On a calm day, especially when rising from the ground, the eagle presents an almost ungainly appearance, but he seems to revel in the gale, no matter how fiercely it may blow. Few, if any, of our birds are so independent of the weather as the eagle. No matter how severe the snow or frost, he can always prey on the luckless grouse or ptarmigan in the vicinity, or capture the mountain hare, and bear it screaming aloft. As far as our experience goes, however, the eagle will not take ptarmigan when there are grouse in the vicinity—probably the grouse is to him as well as to mankind a more tasty morsel than its mountain relative. As is natural to a bird to a large extent independent of the weather, the Golden Eagle is a very early nester, and the hen bird lays her eggs before the other birds of the highlands are thinking of domestic duties.

The eagle resorts to two different kinds of nesting sites—an ancient Scots pine on the edge of some outlying forest, or a ledge on a rock. When the nest is in the former situation, the hen bird can sit through the heaviest snowstorm with little inconvenience, but on a ledge of rock she may be forced from her eyrie by an accumulation of snow drifted in from above. The writer visited an eyrie situated in one of the stormiest districts of the Highlands, and, when the hillside near the eyrie was reached, it was found that the ground was covered with quite thirty inches of fresh snow consequent on an exceptionally heavy storm for the time of year. The eyrie was situated on a ledge of rock in a small gorge, at a height of considerably over 2,000 feet, and was built against a young mountain ash-tree. Approaching the nesting site from below, we had the pleasure, when some 400 yards from the eyrie, of seeing the cock bird rise from a ledge and soar out over the cliff. Not long afterwards the hen was also observed to rise from the nest, and to join her mate in the distance. It seemed almost impossible, from the depth of snow on the ground, to imagine that any bird could have succeeded in protecting her eggs from the storm, so we eagerly scaled the rock—a matter of some considerable difficulty and danger on account of the snow covering the ledge, and at length—from a very precarious foothold—looked into the eyrie. It was empty! The eagle was evidently about to lay and was sheltering her nest from the snowfall which must have been the most severe in her experience. This explained the presence of the cock bird in the vicinity, for once the hen has commenced to brood the cock is never found in the neighborhood of the eyrie.

It was interesting to note the hollow in the snow where the eagle had been sitting. The snow was piled deep on the edges of the nest, and the hollow in the center seemed small indeed for a bird as large as a Golden Eagle.

The nesting season of the Golden Eagle is early—exceptionally early when the arctic weather obtaining in their haunts in early spring is taken into consideration. We have seen an eagle carrying nesting material to her eyrie as early as January 27, and, if the nesting site is at all sheltered, the eggs are laid before March is out. Incubation is a lengthy matter, the eagle sitting for close on six weeks before the chicks are hatched out—the earliest date we have seen them is April 29. The altitude at which the eagle nests varies considerably. One nesting site that we know of is barely 1,500 feet above sea-level, while on the wild Cairngorm mountains an eyrie has been found at a height of between three and four thousand feet. Amongst stalkers a great diversity of opinion exists as to when the eagle nests, some holding that it is late June before she commences the duties of incubation. This misconception has arisen, we imagine, from the fact that the eagles are constantly carrying fresh material to the eyrie even when their young are well grown. To one eyrie which we have been in the habit of visiting this season the eagle used to bring small and leafy raspberry shoots, which they scattered about the eyrie. We have also seen them carry juniper branches to their nest, and have found a red rubber ring and bamboo stick, amongst other things, at various eyries we have visited. When the eagles nest on a ledge of rock, it sometimes happens that the young lose their balance at the edge of the eyrie and are precipitated to the ground below. We had such a case under observation a few seasons ago, and were interested to find that the parent birds constructed a new nest around the chick at the foot of the rock. This was in all probability to warn foxes or other marauders that the eaglet was still under parental protection.

The eyrie of the Golden Eagle is a most substantial structure, and when one is built in a tree it may remain

An Eyrie in a Tree.

intact, though untenanted, for a great number of years. It is usually the case that a pair of eagles have two or three eyries within a comparatively short distance of each other, and repair them all more or less each season, though, of course, only using one to nest in. We have seen, in one of these secondary eyries, the remains of mountain hares, so that they may possibly be used as larders during the nesting season. The eagle, when brooding, is often exceedingly tame, and refuses to leave the nest even when missiles are hurled at the eyrie and the tree is struck violently. Once she has taken wing, however, she flies straight off, and usually takes up her position on the summit of a neighboring hill, whence she watches and waits until the intruders have left the vicinity of the nest.

The young, when first hatched out, are white, downy little fellows, and are very comical to look at. For the best part of a fortnight the mother bird broods them, but after that time only remains at the eyrie during the night hours, and for the last few weeks before the young take wing, she comes to the eyrie only for the purpose of bringing food.

During the summer the young eaglets are taught to capture grouse for themselves, and, after they are able to hold their own, are driven off by their parents, many crossing the sea and rearing their young amidst the rocky fastnesses of the continent.

SETON GORDON.

London, England.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Woman Can't Live on $3,000 a Year

NEW YORK.—"It is impossible for a woman to live in comfort in New York on $3,000 a year." This is the claim of Mrs. Juanite LeBar, who has petitioned the orphans' court in Scranton, Pa., to allow her an additional $1,000 so she can send her eleven-year-old son to a military academy. "During my husband's life," her petition cites, "our income was $6,000 a year, and the estate is now yielding $8,000, so I don't see what law there can be that refuses a woman half of her income." Mrs. LaBar lives in a comfortable, but modest apartment, dresses well and lives on the best the market will afford, but she claims she is not extravagant for she doesn't owe a cent.

"I can't get along on $3,000 a year," says Mrs. LaBar. "And I am not extravagant. My apartment is modest, but comfortable. It is absolutely impossible for us to live at a hotel on account of the expense, and we have to take an apartment. I have to keep one servant, because, in the first place, I am not strong enough to do the work, and in the second place there is no reason why I should put in my time in the kitchen. I consider a servant one of the necessities.

"Then butter, eggs, meat and everything else has gone up so, and I insist upon the best for my table, because that was what I was raised to have, and I am unwilling to eat inferior stuffs or give them to my boy. I consider money spent for good food an insurance, out of which you get heaps of pleasure beside.

"People in Scranton ask me why I don't move into the country, because I could live much cheaper there and economize. I don't see what good that would be—the prospect looks unutterably dark to me. I would be lonely, and I don't like the country, anyhow. New York is a necessity.

"In regard to clothes. A woman in New York, if she is to be presentable at all, must have decent and appropriate clothes. I make and design many of my own gowns, and some of them I will confess to fixing over. That saves a great item of expense for the budget. I don't think imported gowns or a great number of gowns are a necessity, but they must be well made, of good quality, and have plenty of style about them. Then there is a small amount of entertaining that is obligatory, and an occasional trip out of town during the summer and doctor bills every once in awhile."

City Heated by Natural Hot Water

BOISE, Idaho.—This is the only city in the country heated by natural hot water, taken from springs near the town, and which is employed, not alone for heating purposes, but for cooking and even in sprinkling the streets of the city in summer, there is such an abundance of the water flowing from three wells. The water remains at about 175 degrees in temperature and the flow averages about 1,500,000 gallons a day.

One hundred and ten homes in Boise are supplied with the water, which is employed for all household purposes, except washing of silverware, which tarnishes in the water, charged as it is with sulphur and minerals. The water is pumped from three large wells, about six miles east of Boise, in the foothills of the Owyhees.

Interest was first taken in the water in 1890. Previous to that time there had been a great black mud hole where the wells have since been sunk. The water was stagnant and the spot was known simply as a place where hundreds of range cattle had dropped out of sight in the old days into what appeared to be a bottomless well.

The cost of the water a year to the average family is $135. The water company which now has control of the wells does not employ the meter system in measuring the supply, but the water flow is gauged by the size of the pipes running into the individual homes.

The cost of supplying a house for all purposes with the natural hot water is somewhat heavier than with the ordinary furnace system, but there are advantages. There are no furnaces in the homes using the natural hot water, the danger of fire is greatly reduced, and there is none of the dirt and inconvenience connected with the handling of coal and wood for fire purposes.

So curative were the waters considered that they were carried by them back to their camps, where they were rubbed on the limbs of invalids to heal rheumatic and kindred complaints.

Municipal Dance Tried in Milwaukee

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—The city of Milwaukee will have another municipal ball. This is the declaration of the city administration after a review of the initial municipal dance at which the mayor, city officials and society danced in the same hall as workingmen and women.

"I think these gatherings have something about them that will make for the betterment of the city," says Mayor Seidel. "You know when we read about each other in the papers or hear each other talked about we sometimes think that the other fellows are awful fellows. But when we look into each other's eyes we find that the other fellows are not so bad after all.

"For one thing, I hope to see these dances as democratic as they can be. Gentlemen will leave their dress suits at home at the next dance, I hope. If any young ladies have new hats or fancy gowns at home, I hope they won't wear 'em."

The plans of the dance did not take cognizance of "wall flowers," and there did not seem to be any. It was the duty of floor managers to see that young persons were introduced. The spirit of friendliness so far took possession of the affair that it was not long before a fellow could ask a girl he did not know to dance without being snubbed.

But no one seemed troubled about her own gown or that of her neighbor to any great extent. Each one was intent on the good time she was having, and the great matter of speculation was who her next partner for the dance would be, and not how much some other dancer's dressmaker's bill had been.

The official "introducers" worked faithfully. One of them would approach a couple of demure looking girls who were all by themselves in some obscure corner and ask them if they wanted to dance. They usually did. Then the official "introducer" would disappear and presently return with two young men and introductions were made.

The Brotherhood Home of Cleveland

CLEVELAND, O.—An institution which is doing great good in Cleveland, Ohio, is the Brotherhood Home, developed from the idea of one man, an ex-prisoner who wanted to help someone else.

In November, 1905, James Shaw was paroled from the Cleveland house of correction. While there he had been a teacher in the night school, and had become interested in the Bible class. He was a man of more intelligence than the average workhouse prisoner and soon after his release on parole obtained employment with a shipbuilding company. When he drew his first wages he went to the director of charities and corrections with the proposal that he take in another prisoner who was about to be paroled.

"I think Fred wants to behave and live decently," he told the director. "I can give him a bed, stake him to a meal ticket and get him a job, too."

"Fred" did want to live better and went to work with a will. In a week they rented another room, and went again to the director with the request for the parole of two other members of the workhouse night school class. They promised to give them food and lodging, and to get them work. The four in turn put by something each day for "grub stakes" for other unfortunates and presently the club had a membership of nine.

Soon after that the Brotherhood, as it had come to be known, moved to a ten-room house on the lake front. The parole officer went in debt for $900 worth of furniture. At the end of the year the club showed an earning which nearly took it out of debt. Ten rooms were added, followed by ten more a little later. It was self-supporting, and had paid for $2,000 worth of furniture. The later history of the organization is a record of continued efficient work, with finances fairly easy when work is plenty, and painfully tight when it is scarce. Outside help has been necessary from time to time.

FIGHTING THE WHITE PLAGUE

Number of State Institutions Is Double During the Past Two Years.

Sixteen state sanatoria, 28 county hospitals and 21 municipal hospitals for tuberculosis have been erected and provided for since January 1, 1909, says a recent bulletin of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

Within the last two years the number of state institutions for tuberculosis has doubled, and the number of county and municipal institutions has increased from about 30 to 80. The expenditures of public money for the treatment of tuberculosis also has more than doubled. Not less than $3,000,000 of state money was appropriated for tuberculosis institutions in 1909, when 43 legislatures met, and over $600,000 in 1910, when only 11 legislatures were in session. The appropriations of counties and cities for tuberculosis hospitals and sanitoria in the last two years will aggregate fully $2,500,000, bringing the total of official appropriations for tuberculosis hospitals up to over $6,000,000 in the past two years.

In spite, however, of this good showing, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis states that not one-tenth of the public provision for tuberculosis that is needed has been made. More than 250,000 tuberculosis patients are constantly without proper institutional treatment.

When It Was Rougher.

Paul Withington, the Harvard coach, was praising the milder football of 1910.

"Football in the '90s was a terrible game," said Mr. Withington. "Bourget, you know, devoted a whole chapter of 'Outre Mer' to its horrors. Some of the stories of the football of '90 or '91 are, in fact, almost incredible.

"A Philadelphia sporting editor returned one November Saturday from West Philadelphia with a pale, frightened face.

"'Many accidents at the game?' a police reporter asked him.

"'One frightful accident,' replied the sporting editor. 'A powerful mule from a neighboring coal dealer's entered the field, blundered into one of the hottest scrimmages and got killed.'"

The Way of Life.

It is being said of an elderly man in business in Atchison: "He can't stand punishment as he formerly could." And there is punishment to be endured in making a living; don't forget it. Look over your own experience, and you will detect punishment every hour of the day. If it isn't at home, it is on the street car or on the road. How many ways there are to punish a man who tries his best to get along and behave himself. And after a man gets old it is more evident every year that the poor fellow can't stand punishment as he could when he was younger.—Atchison Globe.

He Knew.

A certain jurist was an enthusiastic golfer. Once he had occasion to interrogate in a criminal suit, a boy witness from Bala.

"Now, my lad," he said, "are you acquainted with the nature and significance of an oath?"

The boy, raising his brows in surprise, answered:

"Of course I am, sir. Don't I caddy for you at the Country club?"—Success.

Would Avoid Him.

Slopay—Here comes a man I don't care to meet. Let's cross over.

DeLong—Why don't you care to meet him?

Slopay—He has a mania for collecting bills.

How He Lost Out.

DeShort—Don't you—er—think you could learn to love me, Miss Oldgold?

Miss Oldgold—Well, I don't know.

DeShort—Of course you can. One is never too old to learn, you know.

Miss Oldgold—Sir!

The most valuable feature of success is the struggle that precedes it.